



TARA
THE TAVITIAN
QUEEN



DEAR GOD:
THIS IS A
NOTHER
OF OUR,
YEES!
KTAO Guides

And
This
Is
Guide
Number
Fifty-
One
For

The Period
February 11
To 17, 1971
As expressed
In electronic
And visual
Means for
Radio station
KTAO, Los Gatos,
California
95030.

KTAO is on
the air 24
hours, but
some pro-
grams are
described here-
in. And the
program guide

is available to those who send us yearly checks of \$15, or for nine months \$7.50, or for \$1 a month.

3

KTAO is a veritable cornucopia of strange and garish programs, with classical and folk and ethnic in the mornings, and blues and folk and jazz in the afternoons, and rock and blues and folk in the evenings, terminating in death about 4 or 5 or so in the morning.

In addition to subscribing to this weekly hodge & podge of dialectic paternalism as represented by this guide, listeners who love our programs can help us stay afloat by visiting our sponsors, and kissing them neat (on the cheek) and thinking them for helping us pay our dirty, fat, ugly, fly-blown bills.

For outside of music and truth, bills are what make our days seem grey --- especially with word received this week that Barclay's Bank wants us to pay off our \$15,500 debt by 2 March. We have suggested to them a Barclay's Bank Foreclosure Marathon. "Villains are so hard to find nowadays," we tell them: "especially in the banking business. You really aren't going to foreclose?" we ask, nervously adjusting our heart. "A marathon?" says Mr. Bankerman, adjusting his Saville Row vest. "Yes," we say: "one of those live on-the-air foreclosure fundraisers. Dedicated to Barclay's Bank." "We will let you know next week," he says. And he will: he'll let us know, and we'll let you know, and soon enough we'll be able to distinguish between the bankers in white hats, and those in black hats.

Our telephone number is Flanders 4-6622. In case you can't believe it.

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Back in the strange confluence of the sarcastic and the leave-me-be of college agony, you have to make a choice of living alone with your own dirty socks piled up, or living with two or three other people and living with all your dirty socks intermixed. I chose the latter, Ed and Bob and Nick and I, passing in the hall and saying 'Hi,' meeting over the sink, occasionally dragooning oneself into a massive exchange of confidence. Ed started going to a psychiatrist, Bob fell painfully in love and cried once telling me about her black hair and gypsy eyes, and Nick inherited \$13,000.

Thirteen thousand. Back in 1956, thirteen thousand was a fair sum. You and I, Nick: if we had invested that \$13,000 in Memorex, or Polaroid, or even IBM. Back then in 1956.

But Nick Hoppin didn't give a goddam



Janitor and wife, the Schisslers, say Hitler once introduced them to Goebbels, once came down to help stoke furnace. They hated Hitler's housekeeper, Frau Winter.

JAP WOMEN VOTE

5

They go to polls for first time

about Polaroid, or IBM. He had been ragged nobility for all these 18 years, with alcoholic Dad, and alcoholic Mom, and only Granny the Wise, Granny the Strong --- setting aside a pittance for Nick in her will, so he wouldn't starve. Granny knew, and Nick knew what kind of man dear old Dad was. "If he doesn't die," Nick would say, before his luck changed, "he's going to spend all my goddam money." But Granny died instead, and of a sudden, there was money for Nick Hoppin.

Of a sudden, in that sophomore year in college, Nick Hoppin has money to drink and play in and sleep in and with and around. There's a big monster History of the Impressionists for \$50. Or, a shot at the whole History of Art for \$85. Cases of Chateau-Neuf-de-Pape, and Riesling. Not for us. No: I told you that Nick Hoppin was poor nobility: he's alone in his room with his new Sherwood and dual Warfdale speakers, and the L'Oiseau-Lyre records of music of the Renaissance and Baroque. Nick liked Alfred Deller, and light dry heady red wines, and I think he even fancied 'Passing Clouds' cigarettes which came in a tin of 50.

It wasn't that Nick didn't want to give us any of his wine or cigarettes. He just didn't think of it. He was experiencing by himself, tasting things he had always wanted to taste. And he did it by himself because it never occurred to him to do it any other way. Just like when he went out for a spin in the new MG (later traded in on a Jaguar). He went by himself because, well... this was a new pleasure, and he was

6

too intent on doing it to even realize he was doing it alone.

I mean, there were times. When Nick would discover something special, and he would storm in where we were studying, and say "Come here. Listen to this!"

And he'd take us back to his room, and he'd sit in that awful grubby overstuffed of his (he never bought anything as boring as new furniture), and he'd turn up the Sherwood, and there would be Alfred Deller and John Whitworth singing "Sooooouund the trumpets" and then real fast: "Sound the trumpets sound the trumpets sound the trumpets" and those strange high voices rummaging around the sweet notes of Henry Purcell so your back got ruffled and the hairs rose up a bit on the backs of your legs.

And Nick would sip his wine, and roll the stem of the wine glass back and forth between thumb and first three fingers, and forget to offer us any. Just because it didn't occur to him. Just like it didn't occur to him to think we might be worried about that fancy case of Clap he brought home from one of those high class Philadelphia whorehouses. Ed thought for sure that we could get it from the toilet seat, and we had to call Bob's father who was a doctor who, I seem to remember, laughed alot when he heard why we were calling.

The only other thing I can remember is The Talk. Bob Lindeman and I considered ourselves to be rather level-headed --- in the good old Ivy League no-nonsense-even-when-falling-down-drunk school, so (I think it was right after The Great Clap Scare) we went into Nick's room, we invaded his privacy enough to have one of those I Don't Want To Get Too Serious But...talks.

I mean we wanted to talk to him about the waste of it all. About his future. About taking care of himself 10 or 20 or 30 years hence. Can you imagine such seriousness?

It was dusk, and there were candles, and Nick and his terrible posture were slumped down in the grundgy wingback chair with the stuffing weeping out the seat and the arms. I was elected to make the speech, and I bumbled through it. Since my perception of the future was just about as wretched as the person's to whom I was making the speech, it was a pretty dumb speech, and I remember Bob Lindeman wheezed a great deal (he had asthma attacks.) Finally, though, I was through with my onerous job, and Nick just sat there, slooped down in his awful chair like an old man. For a moment, I thought he was the one wheezing.

I also thought he had forgotten that we were even there. He just sat there and twirled his wine glass. But then finally he said "No." (Good dramatic pause here). "No. It's mine. I'm spending it, on all the things I've always wanted to have. And nobody's going to tell me not to do it. It's mine, and I'm doing just what I



"You take me
back 50 years
tonight".

IN the light of his laughing gray eyes; in the jut of his firm jaw; even in the funny little cow-licks in his curly chestnut hair—she sees his grandfather, the boy she loved, when he was twenty-one.

Today, with her children and their children, she patiently carries on—living in vivid memories of that happiness.

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want. I'm going to spend it all, and then go into the army." And there I was, stuck with my noble speech, like yesterday's mashed potatoes. And the light gone down, and the candles guttering in the glasses, and the old man wheezing.

I wish I could tell you that it all came out well. That Nick Hoppin saw the light after that, and stopped spending the money, and put it all in Memorex, and is now living on Long Island with a beautiful friendly wife and children and house, with a beautiful friendly job. Or that he spent it all, and then went into the Army, and got elevated to a Captain, and now a General, and did many brave and heroic things. I wish I could tell you all that...

...but I can't. Because Nick Hoppin went ahead and spent everything and then tried to get in the army and they didn't take him (he never told me why) and sold me the last of his records and hifi set and Bob his car and went to England and hung himself.



"The Postman Always Rings Twice"

Nick quit school to go into the army---after he had blown it all; and they didn't even want him. In 1961 I read in the alumni magazine that he is dead. Three years later I meet Bob in New York (bookstore, prodigious chance) and he tells me that Nick hung himself. Why, I asked. Bob shrugs; I shrug.

I keep thinking that I should tell you some homily now. I should draw some parallel between someone blowing Thirteen thousand dollars in seven months on Clap, cars, and good wine --- and then, some while later, a final self-immolation in some scabby 4th floor walk-up in London. I keep thinking that the garret death of Nick of The Terrible Posture should be pitted against his wastrel ways.

If he had only been less of a selfish slob. I mean, the Japanese could be right: doing one's self in---by one's own hand---could be the final tribute to the strength, and wonder, of the self. A self so grand and towering that it can end its self. Maybe it is towering in its pointless nobility. And it would be: If he had only been less of a selfish slob.

PROGRAMS: 2/11 - 2/17

Thursday, February 11th

7 am The Early Morning Aunty Cese Hangover and Dance Club. One of our listeners reports that she has a voice "like butter" and she does. (until 11).

11 a Kelly's Poetry Program. One of our listeners reports that he has a voice "like Milk of Magnesia" and he does, but he always has great visiting poets to read (live.)

11:30 Aunty Cese Interviews....

NOON The Communist Conspiracy. An interview with Dr. Kenneth Goff on the continuing menace of world Communism.

12:30 Commentary: Whales. S P Faile in





a special talk given from State College, Pa., and sent to KBOO, Portland.

1 PM The 78 Show. John Dahlquist --- monthly for KTAO. Romantic Chamber Music with the Flonzaley Quartet: Schubert & Smetana.

6 PM Jazz Freak. Excursions in the history of selected jazz instrumentals. (to 8)

FRIDAY, FEB 12

11 AM "Vamping on the Panthers." A documentary from KRAB (Seattle) from Bob Friede, the station's resident Grouch; concerning events of 2 September 1970.

NOON The Bahai People. An interview with representatives of the religion in St Louis, conducted last summer at KDNA.

1 PM Third World Music. Howard Spector, of KBOO---investigating music of Africa drawn from rare tapes and wire recordings.

8 PM Through the rock darkly --- J Smith, with appropriate old radio drama at 11 PM.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13

7 AM The Saturday Morning Baroque Burst --- now entering its second year, with five hours of real baroque, featuring "La Fida Ninfa" by Vivaldi, with members of the Milan Opera.

NOON Huge McAllorum with Irish and Scots and English folk music from Topic and other imported labels. Then, at 3 PM Al Knoth does bluegrass, and at 6 PM with the departure of Ric "Burr" George, Bill Klebsch steps in with blues and Chicago sounds from his own collection.

MIDNIGHT Chris Campbell with rock until

SUNDAY, FEB 14

7 AM Classical and romantic chamber music, no larger than an Octet (or a breadbasket) with A. Whitaker; 11 AM D. Freedman continues with his investigation of 20s and 30s German music and poetry; 3 PM H. V. Buck with his bountiful collection of Japanese and African music; 6 PM Frank DeMoss plays jazz until eight forty-five; then (for a half hour) David McReynolds (pacifist, radical) in interview at KBOO(Pt 1 of 3)

MONDAY, FEB 15

1 7 AM Peter Blind has to be heard. Honest.
11 AM Law, Order, and the Panthers. Conversations from KBOO, with representatives of the police, and The Panthers.
NOON Fool and Soup Performing. Three plays of W B Yeats by the KRAB Chowder & Marching Society Drama Group.
1 CLASSIC JAZZ AT ONE: Michael Duffy's excursions into great old music; coincidentally...the oldest continuous program heard over KRAB (being now 8 years old).

TUESDAY, FEB 16

11 AM Ed Cameron, veteran highschool teacher, throws it all over to work in an experimental school. Interviewed by Gene Johnston at KRAB.

11:30 Connot. On the air discussions from KDNA: The Death Penalty.

11:45 Letter from England. M. Scarborough---tapes specially for KTAO.

NOON Gush, Part I. A novel part read by the author, Keith Abbott (KRAB)

12:30 Third World Music with Howard Spector...music from the Himalayas; Tibetan refugees, Nepal-Ladakh (from KBOO).

9 pm Spanner: A Learning Network. Continuing investigations of experiments in new views in education --- mostly live.

WEDNESDAY, FEB.17

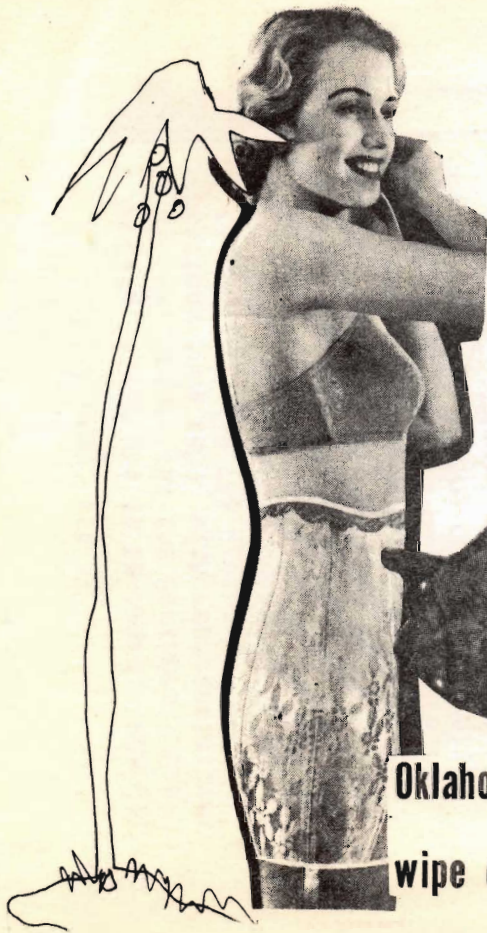
11 AM U N Hearings. Senator Fulbright came to St Louis of all places to hold hearings on the United Nations. (KDNA)

11:30 Julian Beck (you remember the livid theatre) interviewed by Meatball Fulton --- CKGM tape.

NOON Ron Davis (you remember him) interviews Paul Sills...who (Jan., 1970) was head of Body Politic in Chicago. Loaned to KTAO by R. Davis of Praxis.

1 PM FRIDAY AFTERNOON MUSIC. Robert Garfias in a fine, fine program from KRAB with all sorts of mix of music.-

Have you really seen the words on Page two? Gigggle.



**Oklahoma City starts big drive to
wipe out syphilis and gonorrhea**

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